

11/21/72

Dear Jerry,

You are starting an "I'll close the barn door only after the horse is out" dept. It is costly to everyone else.

Today your note of the 17th with the Marboro page came. If you had the understanding you have always pretended, you would have sent it 10/28. Until I had it there was little I could do. Were I to tell David you told me such and so, his reaction would have been he also told me that Barnes & Noble was remaindering.

My Marboro catalogue finally came. As soon as it did I wrote David the kind of letter I should have three weeks earlier.

Jim had decided to include the picture and sketch from Frame-Up in the habeas corpus papers. He asked me for them. I spent more than half a day looking for them. We spent his money on phone calls. It was quite an annoyance. I checked every conceivable file, all those adjacent on the chance of misfiling, combed the stacked-up cellar, had it all prey on my nerves, and found nothing. I did find other things missing in the course of this fruitless search. It was more than a waste of time when I haven't enough time. Nor does Jim.

Yesterday he told me he'd gotten them. I'd suggested among alternatives that he ask you to get what Trent used in the Times. What you returned to him is the remaining set of the originals Newcomb did for me in 4/68. They are still in the envelope.

This is in many ways outrageous, excuseable in none.

First of all, when your ~~spk~~ shoddiness in such matters became apparent, I stipulated conditions now for you but standard with others, Howard's own method, for access to my files: note on what you took and the placing of what you took in folders marked identically as the file from which they came. You are too damned important to do such simple things. So, there is nothing I've gotten back from you that wasn't a needless headache for me. I had no idea where some came from. My time is not important. Yours is. You are too fucking self-important to do the easy thing when it is for you, not for me, and I'm shit and have to clean up after you. Who the hell do you think you are? Now you'd led me to believe that you have returned all my files and that at your leisure, being your the important man you are, whenever it strikes your fancy, you'll return whatever you've copied. Except for the added dishonesty and all the needless aggravation on the foundations file, to date that is all I've gotten. Now it turns out that you had these things.

Now I ask you again for the return of everything. What you do is chickenshit at best, so you have no real need for it. We do, and it is sickening that you intrude yourself into the lives and efforts of those who do meaningful work, do it without a Metromedia subsidy, and at some personal cost. Jim, for example, worked until 7 a.m. yesterday. Where the hell do you get off making work and costs for him? And for no reason except self-indulgence, to make yourself seem important at least to yourself? In this case you are costing Jim wasted cash. I could have had the work he needs done for much less than it will cost him. I have done this with the other things he wanted. You hurt, you do not help. You have hurt in wasting time that could have been used for other things. That did not help. And this is aside from your participation in what you still don't understand, Cyril's self-seeking and stupidity. You ought to see some of the interviews Jim doesn't have so I presume you don't. "Really great stuff, of which you can feel proud and see yourself as important!"

You won't learn. Your ego blocks it. I've wasted much time trying to get you to think all of this through, but you can't or won't, and either way you are lost for in time, when you do, you'll be sick. You should be. You are a self-important nothing who hurts and doesn't help what he tells himself is important. Period. It is that simple.

Now I can't take a club to you. I can't sue you. I can't couple you. But I again ask you to get out of your intellectual and emotional diapers long enough to return everything of mine you have. You were sneaky enough (you give it a better name if you want, but I did ask) to leave no records. We don't know when we will need what and the judgement you have displayed without deviation makes you unworthy of trust, so I want nothing in your hands for you to misuse or permit to be misused. With boundless disgust,